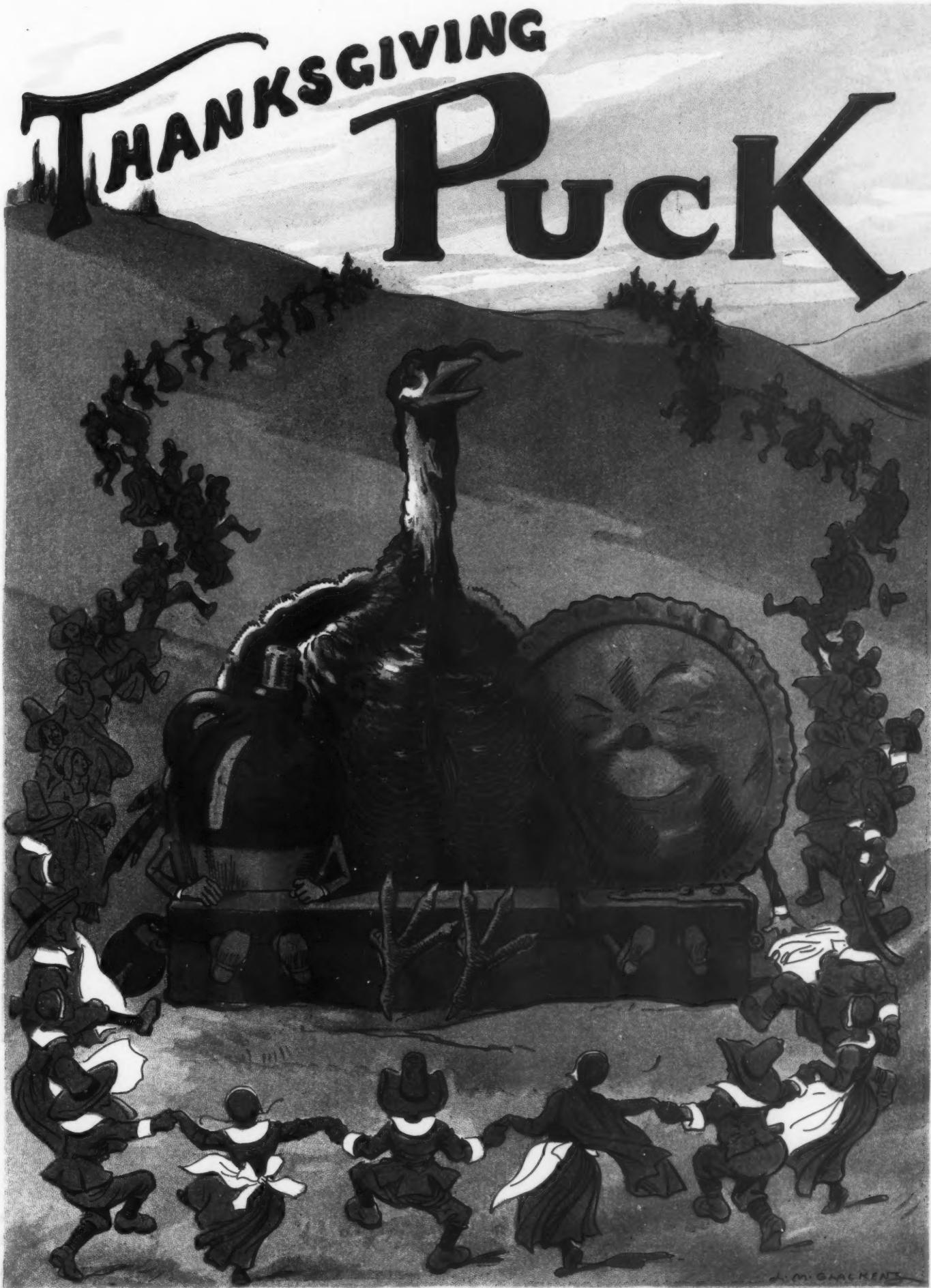


VOL. LXXIV. No. 1916.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, November 19th, 1913.
Copyright, 1913, by Keppler & Schwarzmann. Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRICE TEN CENTS.





Published by
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.
995-999 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK
NO. 1916. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1913.
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

Issued every Wednesday, - \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Cartoons and Comments

WHY MUST MURPHY GO? Why all this hue and cry that "MURPHY must go"?

Why should MURPHY go? We can understand readily enough that, still smarting under the lash of defeat, many members of Tammany feel that MURPHY ought to abdicate, but why should the advocates of good civic government join in the cry for his scalp? After the result of the last New York election, a result most happy to all whose political ideals are higher than the curbstones, the opponents of Tammany should desire nothing better than that MURPHY stay. Was it not MURPHY, and the type of political bossism which MURPHY represents, that had most to do with the crushing defeat of Tammany Hall? Was not MURPHY the big issue of the campaign? Decidedly. Therefore, with MURPHY retained in the Tammany leadership, those who "fuse" against the Wigwam may be sure of a continuance of the sort of offensive bossism which MURPHY practises. With MURPHY still in the control of Tammany, nobody would believe a story that the Hall was to reform itself and be good. That Tammany will ever reform itself is about as likely as that the leopard will change his spots; but there are people who *think* it will, every time it changes bosses. When CROKER got a bad licking in his last active campaign there was much talk of a reformed Tammany. The net result of

this talk was MURPHY, a fine type of Tammany house-cleaner! It would have been better, infinitely better, for good government in New York if, after being beaten and discredited, CROKER had been permitted to stick as leader. Nobody had any doubts as to where CROKER stood with regard to municipal misgovernment,

and his continued presence on Fourteenth Street would have been both incentive and warning to the Anti-Tammany cause. Now, after varied unpleasant experiences, New York knows precisely as much about MURPHY's politics as it did about CROKER's, and MURPHY's continued presence on Fourteenth Street will likewise be both incentive and warning to let Fusionists do their level best in campaigns to drive a Tammany leader out of control of the city government; but, once he is driven out, don't insist that he be deposed from Tammany leadership also. Be satisfied. A continuation of MURPHY's leadership will be as money in the bank for future Fusion. If they are wise, Fusionists will let the Tammany hordes do all the worrying as to the fate of MURPHY.



LITTLE EVA MURPHY.
SHE HEARS THOSE ANGEL VOICES CALLING.

IN preaching Bull Moose doctrines in South America, Colonel ROOSEVELT takes upon himself a large responsibility. Judging from cable dispatches, his speeches are popular; the seed which he sows is not falling upon stony ground. Every South-American nation wants to hear him, and having heard him, then what? Argentina and Brazil have been treading the path of progress with dignity and calm of late years. We tremble to think what a Bull Moose movement might do to their civic stability. It has in it the germs of a revolution which would make South America look all to the Venezuela.

STICKFOITIVENESS



HERE is one quality that comes in for a lot of praise at the hands of boosters, cheer-up poets, and optimists-for-revenue-only. This is the quality of sticktoitiveness. The idea is that when a young man tackles a job he should go to the mat with it; never letting go his strangle-hold until death does them part. Not to be a rolling-stone; ah, no. To be a fixture; to be right there every morning when the gong strikes; never to have an errant impulse; never to reach after the moon; just to stick-to-it.

Now, there is nothing essentially admirable about the quality of sticking to a thing. The postage-stamp is useful, but nothing for a human being to imitate. Many articles of lesser merit have the quality of sticking fast. Chewing-gum, fish-glue, fly-paper, wet shirts, mud, bores, and poor relations, are famous for their adhesiveness. They all have their uses, but there should be no reason for men to envy their status.

Moss sticks to trees. Lichens stick to rocks. Barnacles stick to the sides of ships. Some married people will stick to each other when they would be happy if amputation were performed. The static sticks; the dynamic strolls around looking for change. The static says: "See, I am here for good; you cannot dislodge me." The dynamic replies: "Who wants to dislodge you? Stick, if you like it. As for me, I'm going to blow."

Spiders have sticktoitiveness developed to a marvelous degree. Tear down Mr. Spider's web a dozen times, and each morning you will find it carefully repaired and reconstructed, ready for business. This is persistent, but not clever. The darn-fool spider might save himself all that trouble by moving his seat of industry over into a safer locality. A caged lion walks up and down his prison day after day, year after year. He sticks to it, hoping to find a hole somewhere. If he had a little more perception and a little less sticktoitiveness he would lie down awhile and perfect a plan to bat the keeper in the ear the next time he enters the cage.



THE GOOD CITIZEN.

HE Good Citizen does not keep a dog. He does not wear side-whiskers. He keeps his children in the country or in the attic.

His conversation in the cars is not punctuated by the words "deal," "ten thousand dollars."

On the cars he doesn't stare at the poor woman's purse.

He does not keep a dog.

He does not act so religiously on Sundays that his neighbors hasten to embrace paganism.

He does not furnish his boy with an air-gun and with letters-of-marque to prey upon the lives of his neighbors' children.

He rightly mistrusts his own boy more than any other boy in the street.

He never stands in the door of the elevator.

He does not run to you with trumped-up falsehoods about your boy.

Such is the Good Citizen. It is unnecessary to repeat, of such a man as this, that he does not keep a dog.

PLENTY OF TIME.

HE.—Why, it's 'most eleven o'clock! I must go.

SHE.—Don't be in a hurry; I never retire before a quarter-past eleven.

ENCOURAGING.

STRUGGLING AUTHOR (who has just read his latest story to his wife).—There! That's the best thing I ever did.

HIS WIFE.—Yes, dear. What magazine shall you send it to first?



IN THE BARNYARD.

OLD VET. GOBBLER, WHO HAS BEEN THROUGH A DOZEN THANKSGIVING CAMPAIGNS, TELLS OF HIS HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES.

A FABLE.

A HUMORIST who journeyed at Night stopped at the House of a Friend.

"Welcome to Thee," said his Friend. "Hast Thou had Aught to relieve Thy Hunger?"

"Verily, I have," replied the Humorist. "I have Fed on the Fat of the Land and the Sky. I stretched forth mine Hand, and took the Dipper and filled it with Milk from the Milky Way; I placed it on some Ice from Iceland, and set it Down to cool. Then fetched I some Greens from Greenland and a Sandwich from the Sandwich Islands; to this I added a Shank from Turkey, a Greaser from Greece, and Butter from Moscow. Such was my Repast."

"Very good," said his Friend. "I need not Disturb my Servants to bring Thee wherewith to Eat."

MORAL.—All things are univocal to some people. And a Humorist should be serious when there is a meal in it.

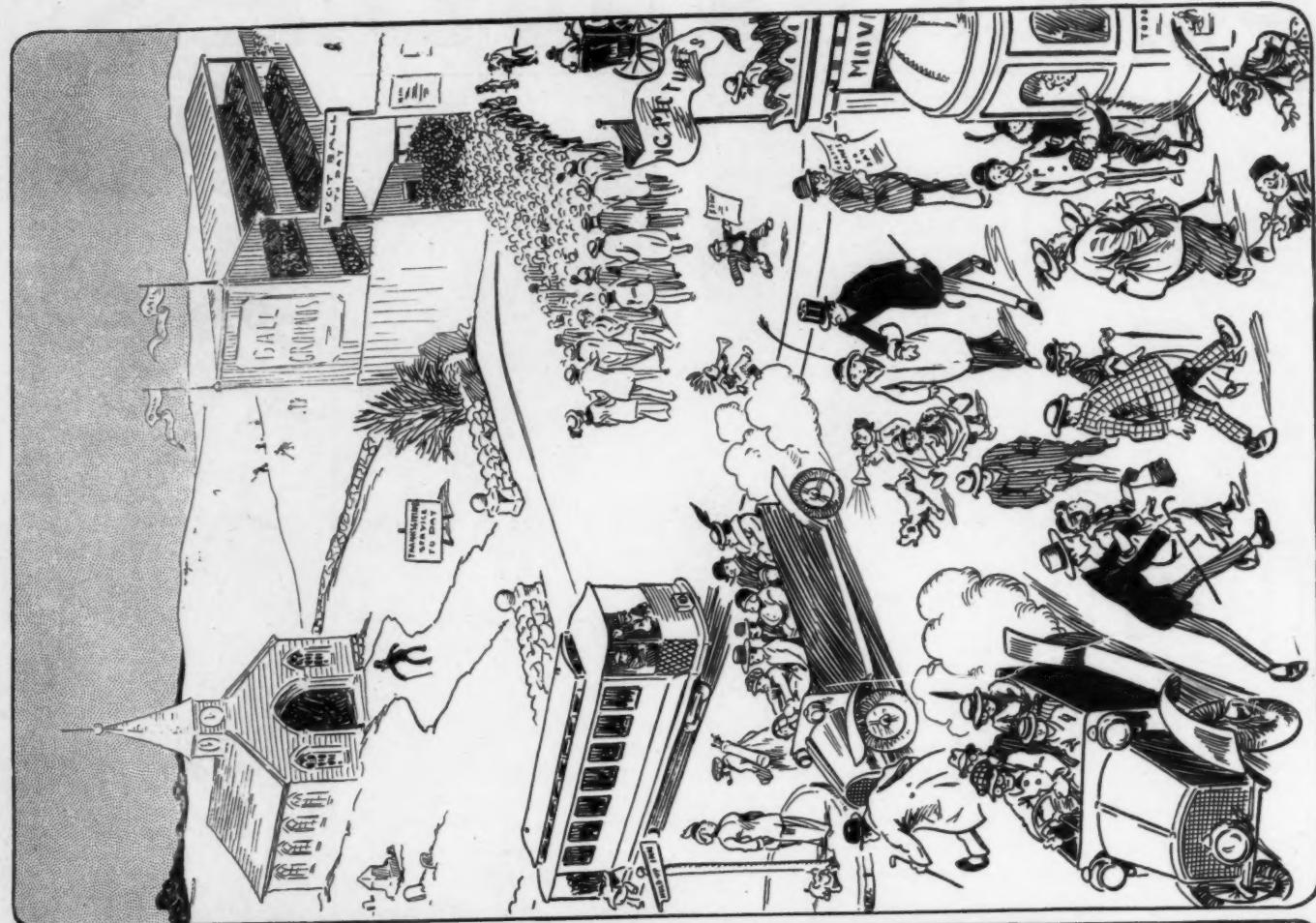
MERIT.

MRS. BEEZLEY.—Please tell me what baking-powder do you use?

MRS. VANSOCK.—Bumley's, of course! It is positively the only absolutely pure adulteration of the article in the market.

No matter what fool things you try to do, you won't get laughed at if you succeed.

THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING.



IN THE PRESENT, GOING EVERYWHERE ELSE.

IN THE OLDEN TIME, GOING TO CHURCH.



THE PEDESTRIAN IS THANKFUL FOR THE RIGHT TO BE ALIVE.



"GET BACK ON THE SIDEWALK!"



"GET OUT OF THE WAY!"

EAST-SIDE GASTRONOMY.

SLIDERS (*waiter at the Morning Glory Restaurant, at 11:55 a.m., pushing his head through the kitchen slot till his shoulders ache*).—Fired up fer 'm, Nate?

THE COOK.—Yep.

SLIDERS.—Ketch der ords right off der bat t-day. Der jays is goin' t' fly good.

THE COOK (*tossing a "one out"*).—Paste 'm in, Nibsy.

SLIDERS (*entering the fray*).—What's yours, boss?

CLOTHING SALESMAN.—You may bring me a chicken patty and a glass of milk.

SLIDERS.—Ain't got a singer left, boss.

SALESMAN.—Make it fried bacon, then.

SLIDERS (*fog-horning*).—Hollercost rooter, an' drive der cow! What you goin' ter crawl over?

MR. PEEBREY (*from Westchester*).—I want a dish of tripe an onions.

SLIDERS (*calliopeing*).—Yard 'f towelin' wid frangipannys! Got it, Nate?

THE COOK.—Yep.

SLIDERS (*to newsboy*).—Keep out 'r d' gangway, an' yer won't git knocked down. Dere, don't crack yer tear-jar. I did n't hurt yer. G'lang over in der corner an' lick dat 'lasses off der table-clot'. Oh, you don't git no 'tention, Mr. Vanderbilt? Whatcher want?

LODGER (*from Nepenthe Hotel, next door*).—Corn-beef hash an' cup 'r coffee—an' quick, too!

SLIDERS.—Shut up! (*Again exploding*) Cattle-train smash up an' kill a Narab! Party's goin' ter die, nex' week'll do? What's yours?

COLORED CUSTOMER (*who has drifted over from the West Side*).—Liver 'n' aigs, fr'en'.

SLIDERS.—Set der guinea on a fried pincushion.

MESSENGER-BOY.—What'll five cents buy?

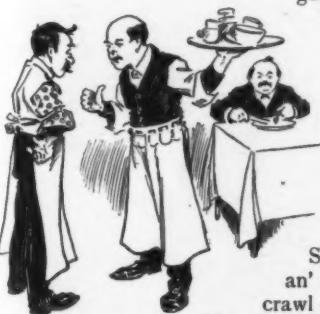
SLIDERS.—Lot down ter Canarsie 'f yer hit der right party.

MESSANGER-BOY.—No kiddin', now. Gimme t'ree cakes an' a glass of water.

SLIDERS.—Drop der buck-shot! Her's yer bath. Hurry up dem quais, Daisy (*this to the dishwasher at the rear*). Good-morning, sir! (*Turning a little pale*) Hope I did n't give no 'fense after dat dance last night? (*Takes the helmet and club and hangs them up*.)

THE OFFICER OF THE BEAT.—No. Only don't holler when I dust th' club with yer th' next time. It's liable to keep folks awake. I want roast beef with Spanish onions, mashed potatoes, green corn, celery, Vienna rolls, and a cup of coffee.

SLIDERS.—Knock der steer! (*Correcting himself*) Chef, serve out



NOT SO EASY.

"ERE comes a benevolent-lookin' old cove," said a gentleman of leisure to his chum. "Let's tackle him fer the price of a night's lodgin'."

"Don't yer think of it, Bill," hastily responded the other, seizing his arm. "Let's wait for somebody that's half-full. Them benevolent-lookin' ducks allus wants t' organize a society, elect a board of directors, an' hire a hall afore they give ye a quarter. I don't want ter stay up all summer!"



ON HIS STOMACH.

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEYS ENJOY A TURKEY TROT.

The man who tries to hear all sides becomes anxious to hear the end before he gets through.



FOR THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

COUNTRY FATHER (*in a whisper to his son's butler*).—Mister James, here's one of mother's pies. We ain't said anything about it; sort of kept it as a surprise. Just put it on the table somewhere!



AN IMITATION HERO.

VIOLET MC SLAB.—I hate ter black yer eye, Chimmie; but if yer going to keep company wit' me, yer must look like a football hero, even if yer ain't one!

THANKSGIVING OR FEASTING?



THE rooster in the hen-house,
The turkey in the yard,
The duck upon the water,
The black hen scratching hard,
The tough old gander waddling,
The piglet at its play,
The rabbit in the wildwood,
The squirrel fat and gray.
Each woke one morning sighing:
"Thanksgiving Day is near,
And that has but one meaning—
The end of my career."

"Oho!" the sparrow twittered,
And winked his beady eyes;
"Men care not for Thanksgiving,
'T is but the feast they prize."

A great commotion followed.
"I'll go," each gladly cried,
To some green spot sequestered,
Where I may safely hide."

Their threats were executed,
And on that day, 't is said,
There were no glad thanksgivings,
But curses deep, instead.

Then came a small bird chirping
(A sparrow 't was, they say),
"What fools you are to stand it!
Why don't you run away?"

Clara J. Denton.

IN THE WEST.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Pete is getting to have a lot of newfangled notions.
SECOND CITIZEN.—What's the latest?

FIRST CITIZEN.—He says he has a prejudice agin lynchin' a man on circumstantial evidence.

PROBABLY.

NODD.—My baby had his picture taken yesterday and, while I have n't seen it, they say it is as natural as can be.

TODD.—What view?

NODD.—I didn't ask, but I suppose it's a throat view.

HOW IT LOOKED.

COUNT SPAGHETTI.—I have come to ask for your daughter's hand in marriage. I love her.

MR. COMMONSTOCK.—But what makes you think I don't?

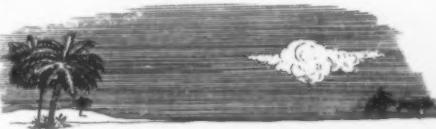
Generally speaking, the arbitrator is the only person who is satisfied with the results of arbitration.

OUT OF CHARACTER.

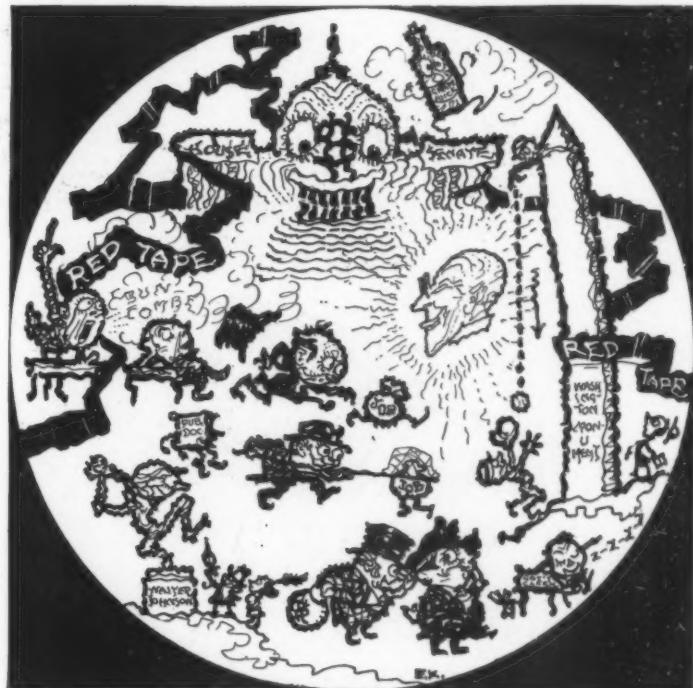
ROSE, a lioness, died recently in her cage in Central Park. She was twenty-three years old and had never bitten anybody. She roared for her dinner, but she roared as gently as any sucking dove. They called her "Good Old Rose" because she was so good-natured and the keepers "thought everything of her."

The fact is, Rose should have been a rabbit. Who the dickens wants to have a lioness hanging round feeding out of a person's hand and looking kindly into children's eyes? That's nothing for a lion, the king of beasts, to be doing, or for a lioness either. A lion ought to ramp up and down the cage, looking blue-murder at human beings. He ought to bite the end off a crowbar just for spite.

When possible, he ought to break loose and eat an attendant. Then he would be in character. A lion out of his part is as bad as John Drew as Hamlet, as bad as a politician with kindly feelings toward Woodrow Wilson, as bad as a burglar that leaves the spoons because he suddenly remembers his mother. They are all atrocious misfits.



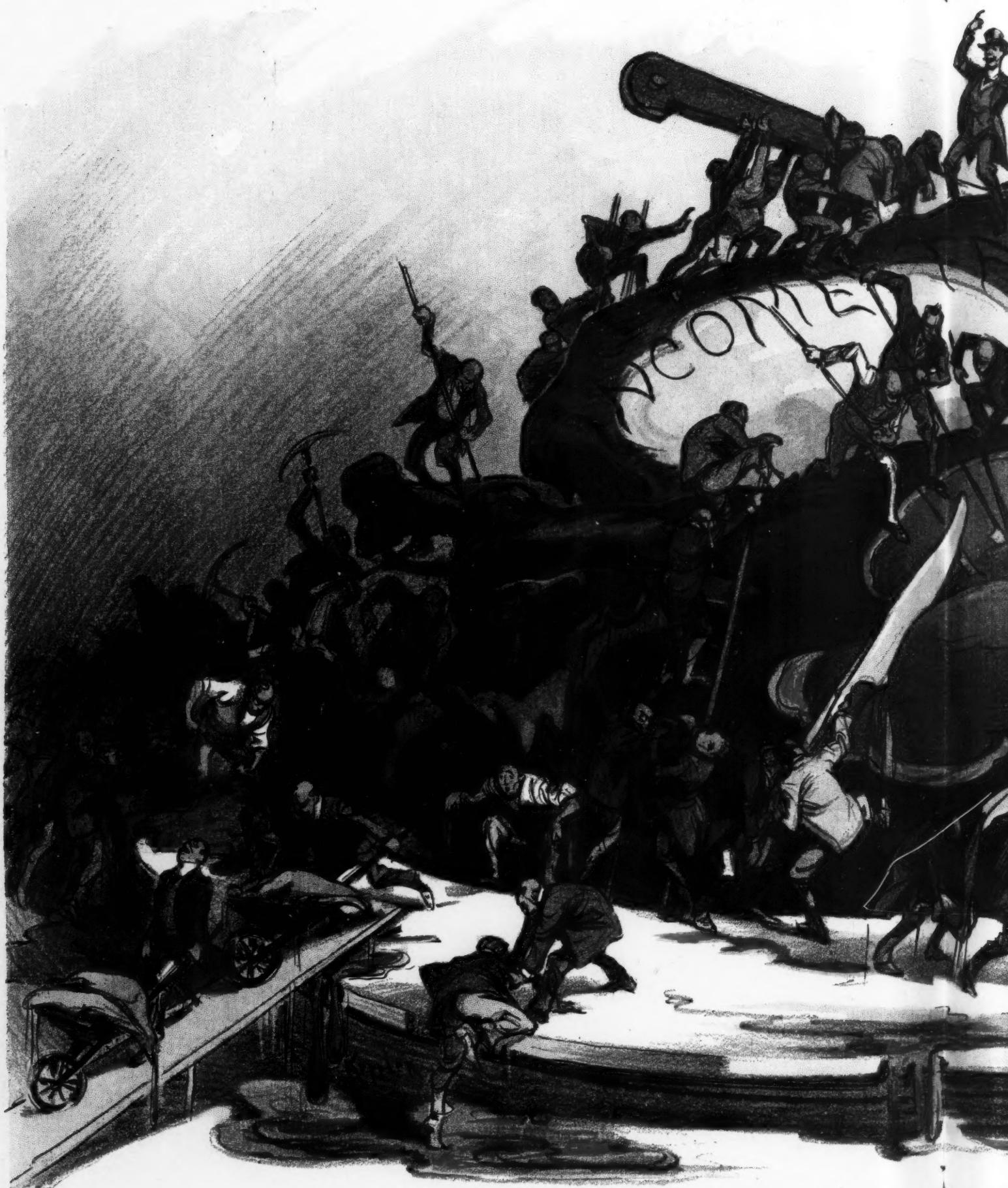
We have misfits enough without adding to them any more. We find a man who seems to be a conscienceless scoundrel. The more we hear about him, the more perfect, as a villain, he seems. We begin to endow him with all the romance of sin, and look up to him as the ideal protagonist of the Devil, when all of a sudden we discover that he is good to his mother and helps old ladies across the street. Down comes the idol with a crash. Remorseless criminals break down and cry, and on the threshold of the gallows sign a pledge to use no spirituous liquors. Good men, ideal fathers of families, have a bad habit of forging a check for \$1.25, or otherwise blasting the reputation of a lifetime. For one reason or another most folks want to be something else rather than what they were meant to be. Rose was kind—that merit may not be gainsaid; the point is, she should not have been kind, any more than a lamb should be cruel. Humans! Take notice of the misspent, misfit life of Rose.



WHAT CITY FOLKS DRINK.—V.

SOME OF THE MICROBES FOUND IN A DROP OF WASHINGTON WATER.

PUCK



THE PUCK PRESS

LAWYERS AT LEAST HAVE PLE

PICK



HAVE PLENTY TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

HERE AND THERE IN STAGELAND.



With the Variety Artistes.

ALTHOUGH the headliner at Proctor's Fifth Avenue was none other than Valeska Suratt, Bohemia's uncrowned queen—a million in jewels and gowus in the sumptuous spectacle of seductive appeal, "Black Crêpe and Diamonds" (we quote from the program), what made the biggest hit with the large lady who sat in front of us was a musical act modestly billed: "Just Two Talented Boys." One of the boys was so talented that he could stand on his head and play "Silver Threads Among the Gold" at the piano. The Lady in Front of us thought it was a classical piece and just what mamma would have enjoyed, because, she told her friend, mamma did n't care much for theatres unless she could see a good play or something real refined. We liked Valeska best. There may have been a million in jewels and gowus in her "sumptuous spectacle of seductive appeal," and then again there may not. At present any sum larger than twenty dollars in cash means nothing to us. Anyway, there were some very classy clothes in the act.

Miss Suratt herself wears more clothes in one scene than Billy Watson's entire Beef Trust aggregation wore when we saw them last season. Try to imagine fireworks and a brass band in a modiste shop and you will have some idea of her last costume.

Up at the Colonial, Olga Nethersole is giving a two-a-day presentation of "Sapho." Of necessity Miss Nethersole can only give one act of the play, but the program is quite equal to the occasion, and in two inches of program space hands out the entire story, with what was in Daude's mind when he wrote it thrown in for good measure. The day we attended, Jean was in such a hurry to get away from Sapho's embraces that he nearly took the walls of the house with him.

Miss Torlajada at the Forty-Fourth Street Music Hall is a very Spanish lady who sings several songs, smokes one cigarette, throws a "kees" to the house, and talks to herself in Spanish. Otherwise she is all right.

W. E. Hill.

A RURAL DIRECTORY.

(Long lane—two miles from anywhere. URCHIN standing at side of road, chewing hickory bark. MAN FROM TOWN comes driving along in buggy.)

"V little man, can you tell me where Mr. Sanford lives?"
 "Thir?"
 "I say, are you well enough acquainted with the neighborhood to direct me to Sanford's?" "No, thir."
 "Do you know anyone that could?"
 "Thir?"
 "I say, do you suppose there's any one close by who could show the way?"
 "No, thir."
 "Is that all you can say, 'thir' and 'no, thir'?"
 "Thir?"
 "I say, do you want to make ten cents?"
 "Yeth, thir."
 "Well, whose house is that yonder?"
 "Parth an' marth."
 "Who is your father?"
 "Thir?"
 "Here's your dime; what's your pa's name?"
 "Tham Thanfud."



FATHER'S THANKSGIVING.

SANTA CLAUS.—Remember! Christmas is only four weeks off, old man!

THE WIDOW'S WAIL.

THE SOMBRE mourning habit served but to enhance her dazzling beauty.

"Mamma ——"

In the hour of her trial she turned to the maternal breast for comfort and support.

"— I don't know what to do. Alone and helpless, I fear the competence my poor husband left may be taken from me, although the last words of his lips ——"

Great tears clung to her curving lashes.

"— bade them give me all. His children contest the will; I know not which way to turn."

A mother's hand caressed her, and a mother's voice whispered soothingly:

"Be brave, my child; be brave."

"Mamma ——"

She was sobbing now.

"— I w-w-want to k-k-keep my own. I shall be a b-b-beggar without it."

"Don't cry, dearest."

"Mamma, advise me. Shall I m-m-marry my l-l-lawyer, or the one on the other s-s-side?"

The thought that her fate was in her own hands was terribly oppressive.

WHAT

HE.—
SHE.—
money?

HE.—
SHE.—
harshly

HE.—
SHE.—
your bac

HE.—
SHE.—
mamma

HE.—
SHE.—
HE.—
SHE.—
what ma

HE.—
SHE.—
you to do

HE.—
SHE.—
to do?

HE.—
SHE.—
fear I am

EX

PATENT
get
our new
His P
from thre
soprano.

NOT A

CHAP
wo
man that

MAY.—
your chan

HE K

RUBE
wha
HIRAM
never bou

OUR

"A
him
"And h
"Died?
failure?"

1

1

MRS.
ain't been
MRS.
life, too.

WHAT HE PROMISED HER.



SHE.—You will love me always?

H.E.—Passionately, my darling.

SHE.—And you will never cease to love me?

H.E.—Never, my darling.

SHE.—And you will save your money?

H.E.—Every cent.

SHE.—And you will never speak harshly to me?

H.E.—Never.

SHE.—And you will give up all your bad habits?

H.E.—Everyone of them.

SHE.—And you will get along with mamma?

H.E.—Yes.

SHE.—And papa?

H.E.—Yes.

SHE.—And you will always do just what mamma wants you to do?

H.E.—Yes.

SHE.—And just what papa wants you to do?

H.E.—Yes.

SHE.—And just what I want you to do?

H.E.—Of course.

SHE.—Well, I will be yours, but I fear I am making an awful mistake.

EXPERT TESTIMONY.

PATENT-MEDICINE MAN.—Did you get any more testimonials for our new cure for obesity?

HIS PARTNER.—Here are letters from three jockeys and a grand-opera soprano.

NOT A PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY.

CHAPPIE.—Jess told me she would n't marry the handsomest man that ever lived.

MAY.—Well, that does n't affect your chances, does it?

HE KNEW DIFFERENTLY.

RUBE HAY.—An article's worth what the owner kin git fer it.

HIRAM WHIFFLE.—I guess yew never bought a gold brick, did yew?

OUR LANGUAGE AGAIN.

AT the last moment his heart failed him."

"And he died, eh?"

"Died? No. Think he had heart failure?"



REPARTEE.

MRS. WOMBAT.—Mah husban' ain't been arrested in twenty-five yeahs.

MRS. COOPLEY.—Mine's up fo' life, too.

Get an appetite with
the clean, pure, healthful

**WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT**



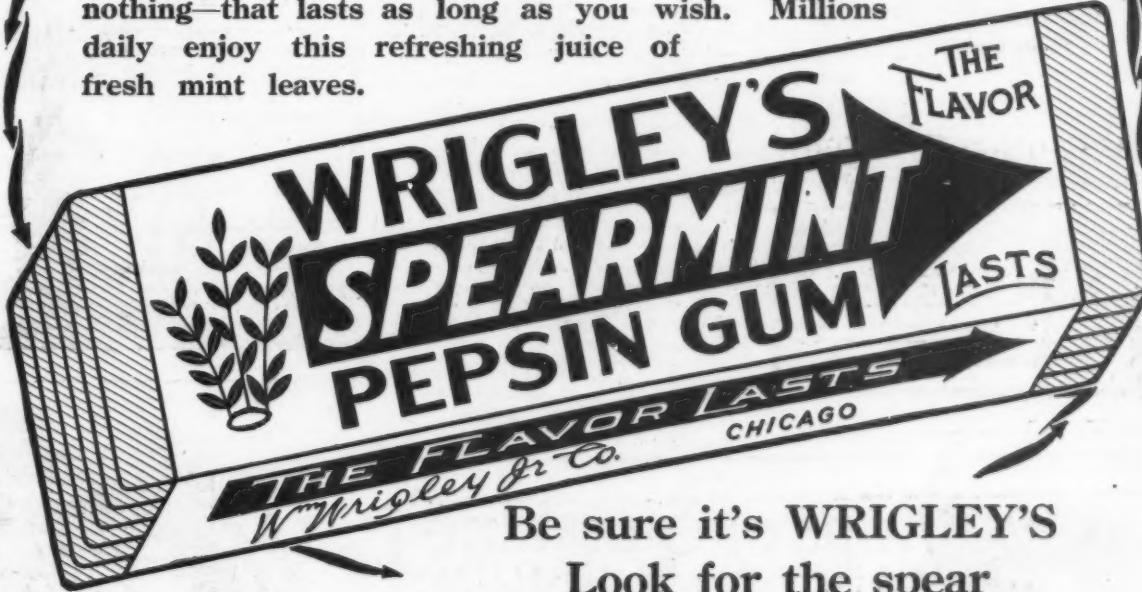
**Chew it
after every
meal**

**BUY IT
BY THE
BOX**

It's enjoyment that
helps you enjoy other things. It
makes your food and digestion friends.

Your breath is pure—your mouth is cool—your
teeth are bright afterward.

It's the before and after-meal dainty that costs almost
nothing—that lasts as long as you wish. Millions
daily enjoy this refreshing juice of
fresh mint leaves.



**Be sure it's WRIGLEY'S
Look for the spear**

VERY UNFORTUNATE.

Young Henderson, who has graduated in medicine, is very fond of giving wise opinions on all matters.

One day, while calling on an elderly woman, she remarked:

"One of the greatest sorrows in my life is that I have never had any children."

"Ah!" said Henderson. "Perhaps it was—ah—hereditary. Did your mother have any children?" — *Sunday Magazine.*

FIRST NEGRO.—Say, what mean dis heah word "nucleus"?

SECOND NEGRO.—Sumpin' what odder things gether 'bout.

FIRST NEGRO.—Uh-huh! Den I was one las' week when I upset a beehive in de dahk.—*Baltimore Sun.*

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.

Tommy came home from school very morose. "Well, my son," observed his father, cheerfully, "how did you get on to-day?" Tommy had been whipped and kept in.

"It was because you told me the wrong answer," he added. "Last night I asked you how much was a million dollars and you said it 'was a hell of a lot.' That isn't the right answer." — *California Outlook.*

HAD IT LOCATED.

"Which tooth are you going to have pulled, Sam?" "Upper six, sah," answered the Pullman porter.—*Courier-Journal.*

"MANDY, what did your husband say about the scenery of New York City and its environs?"

"Nothing. All he talked about was the awfulness of the styles of dress the women wore." — *Age-Herald.*

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS

PAPER WAREHOUSE,

22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Decker Street, NEW YORK.

All kinds of paper made to order.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Write for Christmas Catalog of Diamonds, Watches, etc.
Have any article sent to you prepaid. If satisfactory, send us one-fifth of the purchase price and keep it, balance in eight equal monthly installments.
1000-4-90. Dept. 1733 100 E. State St., CHICAGO, ILL.



THE large-hearted son of Erin was digging postholes one day when the boss rambled along to size up the job.

"How are you making out, Pat?" asked the boss.

"Foine as silk," answered Pat, keeping right on with his work, "as yez will notice yerself."

"The work looks all right, Pat," jokingly responded the boss, "but do you think you will ever be able to get all that dirt back in the hole again?"

"No, sor, not as it is now, sor, but it's me intution to dig the hole a little daper."—*Exchange*.

LADY (at piano).—They say you love good music.

YOUTH.—Oh, that doesn't matter. Pray go on.—*Le Rire*.

"Ships of Sunshine"

Because they take you over smiling seas to the lands of sunshine and cheery skies, known the world over as the "American Méditerranée," including Porto Rico, Bahamas, Cuba, Mexico, Florida, Texas and Santo Domingo. You can choose no better route than these splendid big steamers of the AGWI Lines.

Write us today and let us plan your trip. Address:

Clyde Line To FLORIDA, calling at CHARLESTON and JACKSONVILLE with connections for all leading Southern resorts. The best way South. From Pier 36, North River, New York.

Mallory Line To TEXAS, all points South and Pacific Coast; GALVESTON, KEY WEST, TAMPA, ST. PETERSBURG, MOBILE. From Pier 45, North River, New York.

DISTRICT PASSENGER OFFICES
BOSTON—192 Washington Street
PHILADELPHIA—701 Chestnut Street
NEW YORK—296 Broadway

Porto Rico Line Steamer leaves New York every Saturday for SAN JUAN direct. Send for booklet and information about sailings, rates, etc.

General Offices: 11 Broadway, New York.

Ward Line To BAHAMAS (NASSAU), HAVANA and ISLE OF PINES, CUBA, MEXICO and YUCATAN, with rail connections to all important interior cities.

General Offices: Pier 14, East River, N. Y.

THE SUPPLY FAILED.

Years ago it used to be the custom of the country folk to work out their taxes by boarding the teacher, which meant that from time to time he was supplied from various quarters with food.

One day a boy named Elisha Anderson sought the teacher and said:

"Say, teacher, my pa wants to know if you like pork?"

"Indeed, I do," was the reply. "Say to your father that there is nothing in the way of meat I like better than pork."

Some time elapsed and there was no pork from Elisha's father, a fact that in no way surprised the teacher, for the old man was known throughout the country as a tight proposition. Nevertheless, one afternoon the teacher asked the boy: "How about that pork, Elisha, that your father promised me?"

"Oh," answered the boy, "the pig got well."—*Harper's Monthly*.

Made, sold and found good for over a century.

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 Years"

occupies a unique place among whiskies because of its age, fame and superior flavor.

A straight Pennsylvania Rye—aged in charred oak barrels. Distilled and bottled in bond.

A. Overholt & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Club Cocktails

THERE'S many a man who has built a rare reputation as a mixologist who lets us do his mixing for him and keeps his sideboard stocked with Club Cocktails.

Made from better materials than a bar cocktail is apt to be.

Mixed to measure;—not to guess work—as a bar cocktail always is.

Softened by aging before bottling—as no bar cocktail can be.

At All Dealers

G. F. Heublin & Bro.
Sole Prop.
Hartford
New York
London



"THE CUNJUR."

TWO DARKIES bought a piece of pork, and Sam, having no place to put his share, trusted it to Henry's keeping. They met the next night and Henry said: "A mos' strange thing done happen at ma house las' night, Sam. All myst'ry to me."

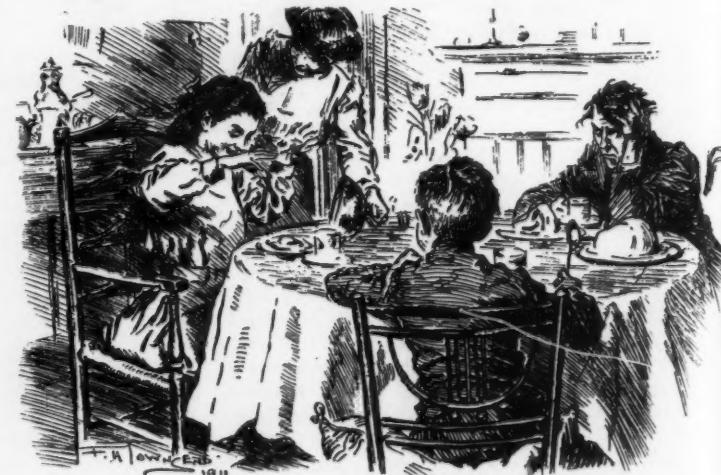
"Wha' dat?"

"Well, Sam," explained Henry, solemnly, "dis mawnin' I go down in de cellar for to git a piece of hawg fo' breakfas', an' I put my han' down in de brine an' feels 'roun', but dey ain't no po'k dar—all gone; so I tu'n up de bar'l an', Sam, sho' as preachin', de rats had done et a hole cl'ar fro' de bottom of dat bar'l an' dragged de meat all out!"

Sam was petrified with astonishment for a moment, and then said: "Why did n't de brine run outen de hole?"

"Well, yo' see, Sam," replied Henry, "dat's de myst'ry."—*Argonaut*.

SPADES are no longer trumps at Panama.—*Washington Post*.



RUTH (to parent who has just become a father for the fifth time).—Oh, daddy, ain't I a lucky girl? Fancy! A poached egg for breakfast and a new baby brother both on the same day!—*Punch*.

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. G. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

THE doctor looked him over and, after meditating awhile, said: "You must drink hot water with your whisky. Otherwise you must n't drink it at all."

"But how shall I get the hot water?" the patient queried, plaintively. "My wife won't let me have it for the whisky toddy."

"Tell her you want to shave," said the doctor, and took his departure. The next day the doctor called and asked his wife how the patient was.

"He's gone raving mad," his wife replied. "He wants to shave every ten minutes."—*Argonaut*.

"I DON'T think your father feels very kindly toward me," said Mr. Staylate.

"You misjudge him. The morning after you called on me he seemed quite worried for fear I had not treated you with proper courtesy."

"Indeed! What did he say?"

"He asked me how I could be so rude as to let you go without your breakfast"—*New York Globe*.

"FOR weeks and weeks after my husband died I was unable to sleep."

"I hope you are all over that now?" her sympathetic friend replied.

"Yes. The lawyers finally found his insurance policy in a safety-deposit box that he had never told me about."—*Age-Herald*.

"DON'T you think man is influenced by his environment?"

"Not always. I once knew a man who drove a sprinkling-cart for nine years and died of acute alcoholism."—*Boston Transcript*.

VISITOR.—Do your children go to school?

MOTHER.—Not yet. They're studying sex hygiene, eugenics, and bacteriology.—*Town Topics*.

"Two heads are better than one."

"Not the morning after."—*Washington Herald*.

PUCK PROOFS

Copyright 1912 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



HAND PAINTED. By W. E. Hill. Proof in Colors, 14 x 12 in. PRICE 25 CENTS.

This is but one example of the PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for Catalog with nearly 50 pages of Miniature Reproductions.

Address PUCK
295-309 Lafayette Street NEW YORK

ONCE there was a college professor who had been a total-abstainer all his life. He became run down in health and had no appetite and his family physician recommended that he take a little beer before each meal. In a week he reported to the doctor: "That beer has done me no good, and I have taken it regularly before meals each day."

"Uh-huh!" said the doctor. "How much did you take at a time?"

"Why, doctor," said the professor, "I took a teaspoonful before each meal in a glass of water."—*Argonaut*.

MARS must be a poor market for silk hose."

"Why do you think so?"

"Professor Lowell says it never rains on Mars."—*Milwaukee News*.

MISTRESS.—What made you leave your last place?

MAUD.—Sure, an' nothin' made me leave! I just left!—*Kansas City Star*.

"HE told me he had a leaning toward the church."

"Was he sober?"—*Town Topics*.

That's My Brand

Pabst Blue Ribbon

The Beer of Quality



EDITOR.—Have you submitted these poems anywhere else?

POET.—No, sir.

EDITOR.—Then where did you get that black eye?—*London Opinion*.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

THEY ALL SAY IT;
AND THEY ALL SLANDER THEIR PARENTS.



1) WILLIE'S PAPA.—There, Willie! There's a lot of white meat and some dark meat for you, besides a heap of dressing. When *I* was a little boy, all *I* got at Thanksgiving was the neck!



2) WILLIE'S GRANDPA (to Willie's Papa, thirty years previous).—There, William! There's a lot of white meat and some dark meat for you, besides a heap of dressing. When *I* was a little boy, all *I* got at Thanksgiving was the neck!



3) WILLIE'S GREAT-GRANDPA (to Willie's Grandpa, sixty years previous).—There, Henry! There's a lot of white meat and some dark meat for you, besides a heap of dressing. When *I* was a little boy, all *I* got at Thanksgiving was the neck!



4) WILLIE'S GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPA (to Willie's Great-Grandpa, ninety years previous).—There, James! There's a lot of white meat and some dark meat for you, besides a heap of dressing. When *I* was a little boy, all *I* got at Thanksgiving was the neck!
(*So on, ad infinitum.*)

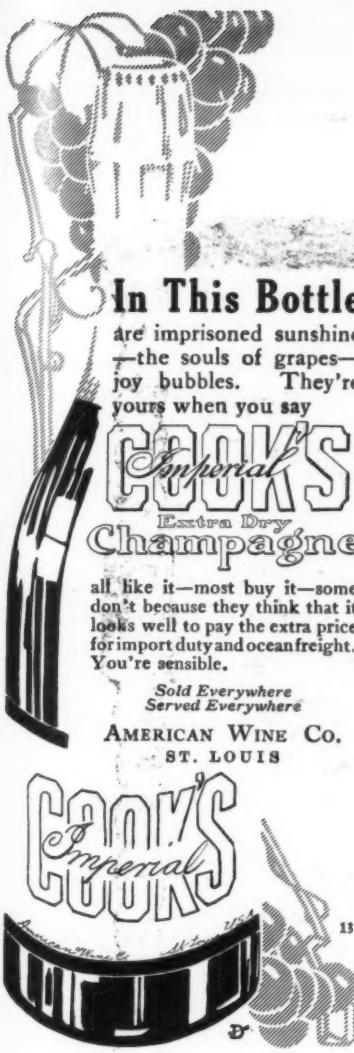
PH
must
PO
could

GRE
"Its
50c. per

SH

By H

Per
Cloth



HIS FIRST PHOTOGRAPH.



PHOTOGRAPHER.—Excuse me, I must ask you to let me try again.

PORTLY PEASANT.—I thought you could n't take me in one picture!

W. Lust.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER. Its Purity Has Made It Famous. 50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

SHORT SIXES;

Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. *etc. etc.*

By H. C. BUNNER, late Editor of PUCK.

ILLUSTRATED.

Per Volume, Cloth, \$1.00



Address PUCK, N. Y.

A BOY WITH A FUTURE.
"Ma," exclaimed young Teddy, bursting into the house, "Mrs. Johnson said she would give me a penny if I told her what you said about her!"

"I never heard of such a thing!" said his mother, indignantly. "You're a very good boy not to have told! I would n't have her think I even mentioned her. Here's an apple, sonny, for being such a wise little lad."

"I should think I am, ma. When she showed me the penny I told her that what you said was something awful and worth sixpence at least!" —*Answers.*

YOU will eat your Thanksgiving dinner with a better appetite and zest if the meal is washed down with

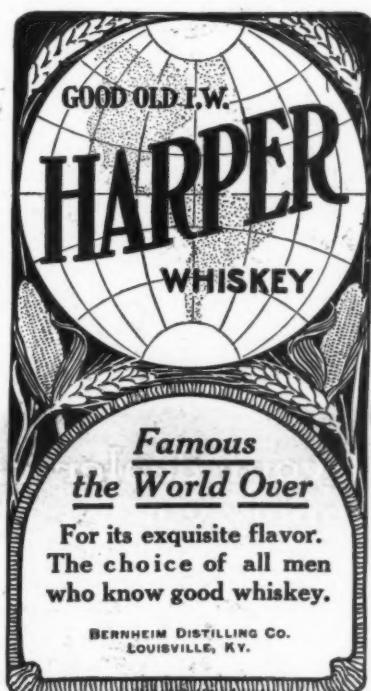
Evans' Ale'

It will infuse real Thanksgiving enjoyment and make the day stand out in memory's book with the mind stronger and the heart more tender. EVANS' ALE gives the old-fashioned atmosphere to Thanksgiving.

Order supply from nearest dealer or C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

"Do you think the motor-car has come to stay?" asked one man of his neighbor.

"Well," replied the other, "there was one out in front of my house today which I thought had, but they got a horse after a while and towed it home." —*Picayune.*



"KATE says she intends to marry Mr. Plunks to reform him."

"What is his vice?"

"He's a good deal of a miser." —*Sketch.*

MRS. BROWN.—Here's an account of a new cooking utensil that will boil and steam and poach eggs all at the same time.

BROWN (*a grouch*). — And why does n't it scramble and eggnogg 'em, too? —*Plain Dealer.*

Gold Seal AMERICA'S FAVORITE Champagne

You can pay more for wine than Gold Seal costs, but you cannot get a better champagne at any price.

Gold Seal is the American wine that proves import duty to be useless waste—also giving a false impression of superior quality by doubling cost.

Two Kinds: Special Dry and Brut

Order a Bottle or Case Today

Sold Everywhere

"All wine—no duty"

Urbana Wine Co. Urbana N.Y. Sole Maker

NONE SO BLIND AS

MRS. E. QUAL WRIGHT.—Now, I can't see anything in those split skirts, can you, John?

HER LORD AND MASTER.—N-no, my dear. —*California Pelican.*

"IN THE old days doctors used to bleed patients for most of the diseases."

"They still do it, my boy; they still do it." —*Detroit Free Press.*

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Write for Christmas Catalog of Diamonds, Watches, etc. Have any articles to be pawned? If satisfactory, send no cash with the purchase price and keep it, balance to be paid in eight equal monthly amounts.

LOFTIS & CO., Dept. F, 938 10th St., BOSTON, MASS.

A Day with Edison

"I feel bully today, I slept only four hours last night."

His customary morning greeting, after one of the big days he delights in, gives an insight to Mr. Edison's marvelous ability to "come back" constantly with renewed vigor, which has earned him his sobriquet of "the Human Dynamo." To realize how fully he lives up to it, you must read Mr. Meadowcroft's intensely interesting account in

POPULAR ELECTRICITY AND THE WORLD'S ADVANCE for December

The author has worked for years side by side with the great inventor and enjoys his confidence. He is, therefore, able to give you an intimate view of Mr. Edison throughout all his long and strenuous day. You will be with him in his study, laboratory, shop and test room; get a glimpse, even, of his wonderfully interesting mail from all over and read the freakish propositions submitted to him. You will wonder at the many things he does and how he makes every second count, meeting instantly and squarely a staggering number of difficult situations and intricate problems.

Among other stirring articles in this same issue

NOW ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSDEALER'S

are: Dr. Carrill's Living Machine—Electrocution in Arkansas—Filming a Raid on Moonshiners—Fighting Forest Fires—"The Little Ice Devils"—Batson's Trans-Atlantic Flyer—Magic Flats—Electric Dynamite Truck in City Streets—Iron Making in Central Africa—and these are only typical of the

200 FASCINATING SUBJECTS OF DEVOURING INTEREST

200 ABSORBING ILLUSTRATIONS

give you one of the most interesting of magazines. Just note this brief summary of good things:

MOTION PICTURE DEPARTMENT of latest photo plays and stories with all the fascinating details of motion picture production.

WORLD'S PICTURE GALLERY of striking photographs from everywhere. History in the making. Wonderfully interesting.

THE GREAT ELECTRICAL SECTION tells simply and entertainingly the fascinating story of electricity and how to make and do things with it yourself.

MANY OTHER LIVE ARTICLES on modern progress in all lines. Vivid, living pictures and stories of the world in action—interesting—educational—uplifting. This immense entertainment of 128 Pages—200 Subjects—200 Illustrations—awaits you in

POPULAR ELECTRICITY AND THE WORLD'S ADVANCE For December 15c a Copy

Get it Today from Your Newsdealer. If your dealer cannot supply you send us his name and your own name and address with 15c for a copy postpaid.

POPULAR ELECTRICITY PUBLISHING CO., 350 No. Clark St., CHICAGO, ILL.



Our Package shown here for
your protection. Refuse
fakes and substitutes.
Insist upon
genuine



Licensed and
used in practice
40,000 physicians

(ORIGINAL LETTERS ON FILE
IN OUR OFFICES.)

If your dealer cannot
supply you, we supply
you through our nearest dis-
tributor. One quart of re-
fined spirit + full quarts \$5.00
1/2 quarts - \$5.00

The James E. Pepper
Distilling Co.
ESTABLISHED 1780
Lexington, Ky.